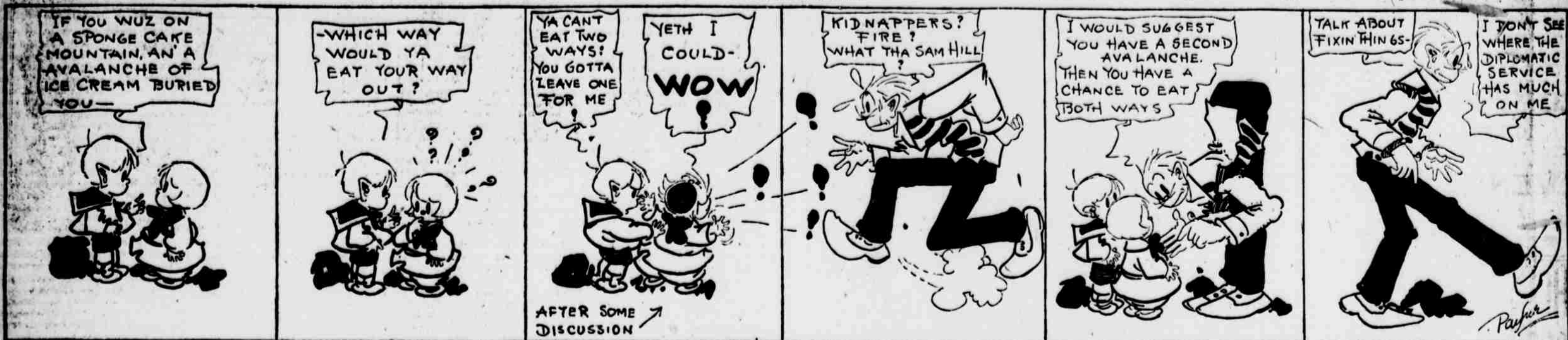


"CRATTER, POP!"

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co.
(The New York Evening World.)

By C. M. Payne



HONEST, NOW—DON'T YOU SYMPATHIZE WITH AXEL HERE?

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co.
(The New York Evening World.)

By Vic



PUTTING IT OVER

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co.
(The New York Evening World.)

By E. McBride



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCordell



Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co.
(The New York Evening World.)

HARLEM IS READY NOW!
LET THE SHOW BEGIN!

It was the day of "Military Night" at that smashing musical success, "The Girl from the Cheese Factory." The front of the theatre was decorated with flags. The lobby was lit up with them, and the stage box, in which Mr. and Mrs. Jarr were to sit with Capt. Herbert Tynnesfoyle

Margaret, the hairdresser from the beauty parlors around the corner, had been in attendance on them all day. Much was the nervousness, excitement and confusion of the ladies, bordering on happy hysteria, that Mr. Jarr roamed the back part of the fat an unnoticed outcast.

The children had been sent over to the kindly and unruffled care of old Mrs. Dusenberry. Mrs. Jarr occasionally whispered, she wondered if they were all right. But what is a husband at such a time?

Altogether it presaged a night of nights for that part of Harlem, Tony, the bootblack, had so many demands for shines that he had to send for several of his cousins, also experts in the art of shoe blackery, to assist.

The demand for clean shirts and in a hurry had Wah Shing, the Chinese laundryman in the neighborhood, working with his cousins all day and all night for the past forty-eight hours.

High hats that had only been worn at weddings and funerals were brought out from their coverings, and Mr. Slavinsky's original conception of "make 'em up to date" by shipping them with stove polish had been readily followed in the households of Schmitt, the delicatessen dealer, Muller, the grocer, and Bessler, the butcher.

Lena, Gus's handsome wife, had got a dress for the occasion that Gus declared was grounds for a divorce. But it was to be worn, just the same.

Mrs. Muller, who hadn't been to the theatre since the demise of the late Fritz Emmett, got out a handsome braided brown silk gown she had long put away to be buried in, and when it was found to be totally destroyed by moth's her walls caused a rumor to spread that Mr. Muller had committed suicide.

Nothing else was talked of in the community, and the local moving picture theatres sent in haste for special reels for children, knowing few adults would patronize their shows that night.

Hardly a housewife would cook a hot meal in Harlem, and Schmitt, the delicatessen dealer, was torn between the rush of trade and the thought that he might be too busy to get to the theatre in time.

Albert, the street sweeper, had rented a dress suit for the occasion and was wearing it all day under his white duck uniform. Occasionally, after the Street Department foreman had named on his rounds of inspection, Albert striped off his

white uniform and did his work in full evening attire and a scarlet cravat, to the great admiration of all the cooks and nurse maids in the neighborhood. Claude, the groom, had a night off and, as he announced, was to be at the show "like a duck!"

Seven o'clock and excitement at fever heat. Mrs. Jarr and Irene Cackleberry, still being attended by Gertrude, the light running domestic, and Margaret, the hairdresser, were in state of varying self-congratulation and despair.

"How do I look, dear?" they asked each other, but never answered. "How does that skirt drape?" Do the tiers hang right? Are you sure the ear-curlers are proper for evening, Margaret?"

Meanwhile Mr. Jarr was haunting the hallways and the other bedrooms trying to find: 1. His pleated dress-shirt. 2. His pumps. 3. His pearl studs. 4. The trousers to his dress-suit. Otherwise he was dressed and ready. But he dared not approach Mrs. Jarr's boudoir and ask a question.

It was a night of nights.

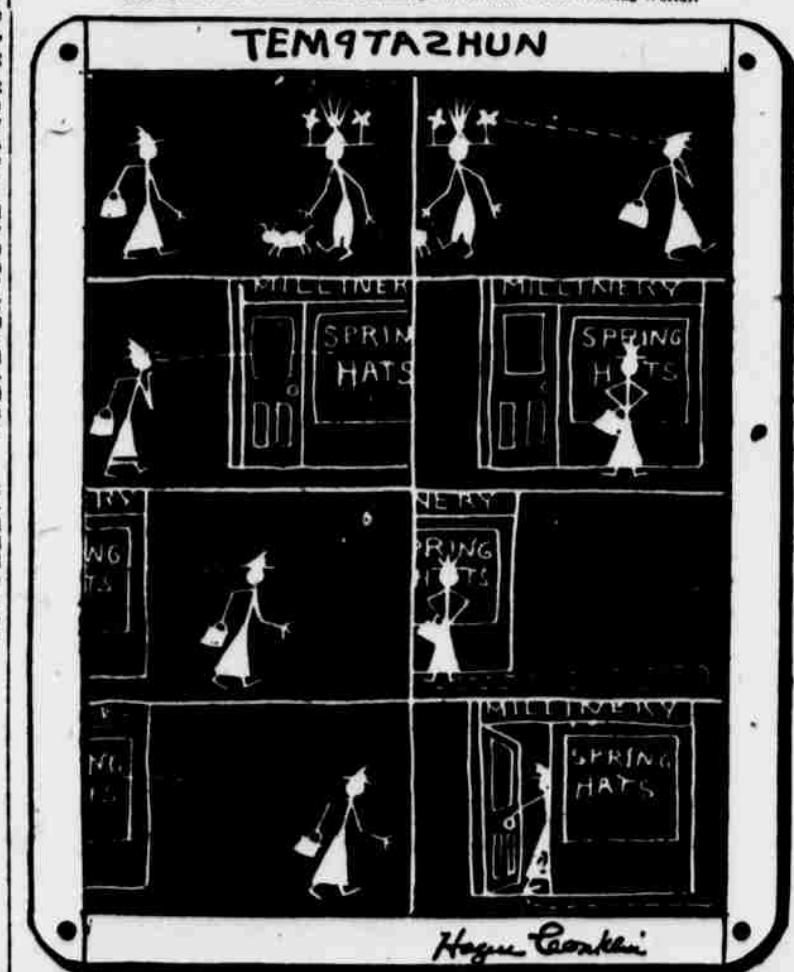
Harold Dogstony, arrayed in what he called "a boiled tripe shirt," dinner jacket, a black and white striped dress waistcoat, his opera hat, and carrying the cane with the carved feminine limb of ivory on it, was already in the lobby awaiting the guests.

He looked at the flags proudly. "George Cohan, please write!" he murmured.



SAMMY'S SLATE

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)



Educated.

A N old farmer on his first visit to New York thought he would go to the theatre and see the play called "Forty Thieves." When he got to the theatre he asked the man at the box-office if they were playing the "Forty Thieves" there, and on being informed they were, and without asking the price of the seats, told the

The Considerate Minister.

A SCOTCH minister had been away on a vacation, and on his return asked the sexton how all had gone in his absence.

"Very well indeed," was the cheerful response. "They do say that most ministers leave some one worse than themselves to fill the pulpit when they go away, but you never do that, sir."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Joshing the Diplomatist.

THERE is a certain youth attached to one of the foreign missions at Washington whose habit it is, shortly after introduction to some fair lady, immediately to turn the conversation into channels favorable for the discussion of the tender passion.

"I observe," said he, on one occasion, when he had just been presented to a charming young woman, "that you wear a most attractive locket. Tell me, does it contain the token of some past affair of the heart?"

"Yes," smiled the lady, who had been warned of the diplomat's weakness and who thought to have a bit of fun with him. "It does contain a love token—a lock of my husband's hair."

"A widow!" exclaimed the susceptible foreigner, as he edged closer. "Why, some one told me your husband was alive!"

"He is," answered the young woman, "but his hair is gone."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

To Put on Flesh
And Increase Weight

Most thin people eat from four to six pounds of good, solid, fat-making food every day and still do not increase in weight one ounce, while on the other hand many of the plump, chunky folk eat very lightly and are gaining all the time. It is all a matter of the nature of the food. It isn't Nature's way at all.

This folk starve thin because their powers of assimilation are defective. They just absorb a deposit from the food they eat to maintain life and a semblance of health and strength. Stuffed won't help them. A dozen meals a day won't make them gain a single "ray there" pound.

All the fat-producing elements of their food just stay in the intestines until they pass from the body as waste. What such people need is something that will prepare their fatty food elements so that their blood can absorb them and deposit them all about the body—something that will multiply their red blood corpuscles, and increase their blood's carrying power.

For such a condition I always recommend eating a Sargol tablet with every meal. Sargol is not, as some believe, a patented drug, but is a scientific combination of six more effective and powerful elements known to chemistry. It is absolutely harmless, yet wonderfully effective, and a single tablet eaten with each meal often has the effect of increasing the weight of a thin man or woman from three to five pounds a week. Sargol is sold by good druggists everywhere on a positive guarantee of weight increase or money back—no ifs.

tion, when he had just been presented to a charming young woman, "that you wear a most attractive locket. Tell me, does it contain the token of some past affair of the heart?"

"Yes," smiled the lady, who had been warned of the diplomat's weakness and who thought to have a bit of fun with him. "It does contain a love token—a lock of my husband's hair."

"A widow!" exclaimed the susceptible foreigner, as he edged closer. "Why, some one told me your husband was alive!"

"He is," answered the young woman, "but his hair is gone."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.



They have the same domestic laundry finish that is the distinguishing quality mark of the higher-priced collars.

2 for 25 cents

CLINT, FRANKY & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.
Makers of Arrow Shirts

All lost or found articles advertised in The World will be listed at The World's Information Bureau, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y. World's Information Bureau, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y. World's Information Bureau, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y. World's Information Bureau, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y. World's Information Bureau, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.